Eng. Poetry vol 28.

A

POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of the Honourable

The Lady *Aber-gaven-ny.*

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

Quality of *Great-Britain*, &c.

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THE LADY MAYORESS.

A POEM.

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Sacred to the Memory of the Honourable

The Lady *Aber—ny.*

YE Muſes all, and pitying Virgins come
And pour your Tears on poor
CALISTA's Tomb:
In the cold Manſions of the ſilent Grave,
May Her Remains a Sanctuary have.

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From the malignant Blaſts of ſland'rous Tongues,
Who have purſu'd Her Name with cruel Wrongs.
May all Her Faults for ever be forgot,
And let not Calumny Her Mem'ry blot.
Unhappy Nymph, let none Her Crime upbraid,
By Love and too much Gentleneſs betray'd:
And, Oh! for ever may his Name be curſt,
Of ſpotted Villains be he rank'd the firſt,
Who with a baſe Revenge and Malice fir'd
Fierce Jealouſy, in Her Stern Lord inſpir'd.
Inhumane Wretch, ſure now thy Woes begin,
And thou already haſt thy Hell within:
While pitying Heav'n, with Mercy ſees her Fate,
And kindly takes her to a happier State;
Pardons the Fault ſhe ſo ſincerely mourn'd,
And joys to ſee a *Penitent* return'd.

And, Oh! ye Railers, ye abandon'd few,
How ill your Maſter's Precepts ye purſue.
Reflect, when GOD Himſelf was here below,
What Mercy He did to a *Sinner* ſhow;
And bid the Guiltleſs only throw a Stone,
Streight all retir'd and left them there alone.
With MAJESTY He rais'd His awful Head,
And mildly to the trembling Creature ſaid,
Again thy Life and Freedom I reſtore,
Now go thy Way, and look thou ſin no more.
The accuſing *Jews* were juſter far than you,
By Conſcience, ſelf-condemn'd, they all withdrew.
But among thoſe who mangle thus Her Fame,
How many's Crimes tho' not their Fates the ſame.
Henceforth for ever ceaſe Her NAME to tax,
Nor with foul Calumny abuſe your Sex;

While for Her Woes, my pitying Tears shall flow,
A worthless Gift, but all I can bestow.
My pensive *Muse*, Her Sorrows still shall mourn,
And move Distress in Lovers yet unborn.
Who while Her hapless Story I relate,
Shall learn to shun the Snare, and weep her Fate.

F I N I S.